MARVEL

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V · MANNA · DIJJO

CARNAGE

30 YEARS

YEARS AGO, THE **VENOM SYMBIOTE** SPAWNED, AND ITS OFFSPRING BONDED TO SERIAL KILLER **CLETUS KASADY**. IMBUED WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, SPEED, ENDURANCE AND POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**, KASADY AND HIS EXTRATERRESTRIAL "OTHER" SHARE A UNIQUE BOND AND HAVE LONG TERRORIZED THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AS...

CARNAGE

CARNAGE IS LOOSE.

REJECTED BY ITS FORMER HOST, THE DANGEROUS SERIAL KILLER **CLETUS KASADY**, THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE IS ON ITS OWN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS LIFE. THE IMPRESSION CLETUS LEFT ON THE CREATURE IS INDELIBLE, AND THE SYMBIOTE HAS INHERITED HIS UNQUENCHABLE THIRST FOR VIOLENCE.

IT HAS ALSO FOUND A DISCIPLE IN THE SERIAL KILLER **KENNETH NEELEY**. DETECTIVE **JONATHAN SHAYDE** IS HELL-BENT ON STOPPING THEM. BUT AFTER CARNAGE INFECTED HIM, SHAYDE'S BEEN HEARING KASADAY'S VOICE IN HIS HEAD.

NOW NEELY IS ALONG FOR THE RIDE AS THE SYMBIOTE HAS BEGUN TARGETING SUPER-POWERED INDIVIDUALS. **HYDRO-MAN** AND **THE SPOT** WERE CARNAGE'S FIRST TWO VICTIMS. WHO WILL BE NEXT?!

RAM V
WRITER

FRANCESCO MANNA
ARTIST

DIJJO LIMA
COLOR ARTIST

VC's JOE SABINO
LETTERER

KENDRICK "KUNKKA" LIM
COVER ARTIST

DAVID NAKAYAMA
VARIANT COVER ARTIST

ANTHONY GAMBINO
DESIGNER

TOM GRONEMAN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

DEVIN LEWIS
EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

I'VE GOT THAT FAMILIAR FEELING AGAIN. WHAT DO THEY CALL IT... *DÉJA VU?*

NEELEY!

LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

NOT THIS TI--

ALMOST THERE, BUT NOT QUITE.

HANGING ON BY A THREAD.

I'M AT THE TOP.

CRAWLING UP TO "SO CLOSE."

BUT ENDING UP AT "SO FAR."

STORY OF MY DAMN LIFE.

TUMBLING THROUGH ***SPACE***, FALLING THROUGH A MYRIAD OF ***DIMENSIONS***, I FEEL THE FABRIC OF REALITY CHANGING AROUND ME.

MY ***FAILURE*** THE ONLY CONSTANT ACROSS ENDLESS REALITIES.

AT LEAST THIS IS IT, I THINK TO MYSELF. AT LEAST IT'S ***OVER*** NOW.

BUT THEN I REALIZE THE ***SYMBIOTE*** GOOP RUNNING THROUGH MY VEINS IS KEEPING ME ALIVE.

HOLDING UP BLOOD VESSELS. PULLING ON TISSUE. CONSTRAINING CELLULAR MASS. KEEPING MY FLESH FROM ***EXPLODING*** OUT OF ITS OWN SKIN.

HMPH...I CAN'T EVEN @#$&%$ DIE RIGHT ANYMORE.

YOU DONE FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF, JONATHAN?

*OH HELL, NOT **YOU** AGAIN, CLETUS. CAN'T I EVEN FALL THROUGH ETERNITY IN PEACE?*

WELL, AS LONG AS WE'RE WAITING FOR SOME DAMNED HAND OF PROVIDENCE TO YANK US OUT OF THE VOID, I WAS THINKING WE SHOULD BEGIN FIGURING OUT HOW TO GET AHEAD OF ALL THIS. AFTER ALL...

SVARTALFHEIM.

...I THINK I KNOW WHERE CARNAGE AND YOUR PAL NEELY ARE GOING NEXT.

WH-WHAT IS THIS PLACE? WHERE HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME?

WE ARE IN ONE OF THE TEN REALMS. A PLACE OF BLACK FORESTS AND LIVING SHADOWS AND ALL THE DARK THINGS THAT DWELL WITHIN.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE ME ACROSS THE STATE BORDER OR SOMETHING!

WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING *HERE?*

WHY, KENNETH...I ALREADY TOLD YOU. WE STARTED WITH HYDRO-MAN--THEN WE TOOK SPOT.

NOW WE'RE HERE TO KILL GODS.

WHERE BETTER TO BEGIN THAN THE LAND OF THE WILD HUNT?

COME NOW, MY PUP. IT'S TIME TO GO @#%$ UP SOME ELVES.

CARNAGE

A WILD HUNT

"THERE WAS A TIME OF GLORY AND GREATNESS. A TIME WHEN THIS CLAN WAS FEARED BY ALL IN EXISTENCE.

"WHEN THE BLACK BILE WERE LORDS AND KEEPERS...UNBOWED, UNBROKEN.

"WHEN THE GREATEST OF US WOULD SUMMON THE GNASHING FANGS AND BLOODSTAINED JOWLS OF HEL.

"AND THEIR CALLS WOULD SET ALL THE TEN REALMS TO SHUDDER, FOR THEY KNEW...THE HUNT HAD BEGUN.

"NOT THOSE IN THEIR TOWERS UPON SILVERED CLOUDS NOR THOSE IN THE WARRENS 'NEATH OBSIDIAN MOUNTAINS WERE AT EASE.

"THE SCENT OF FEAR CANNOT BE MASKED, AND IT WAFTS ACROSS ETERNITY AND SEEPS THROUGH METAL AND STONE.

"THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MALEKITH THE ACCURSED WAS LORD AND KEEPER OF FEAR AND TERROR."

THERE WAS A TIME OF GLORY AND GREATNESS.

THERE WAS A TIME THAT IS NOW PAST.

BUT WE KEEP OUR PRIDE YET. WE KEEP OUR WAYS.

"UPON THE SEAWARD SLOPES OF NETHANUAL LIES A CAVE.

"EVERY SIXTEEN CYCLES PAST, NYAZ, THE WOLF GODDESS, HAVING CHASED THE MOON ACROSS THE SKY, COMES TO THIS MORTAL WORLD TO HAVE HER LITTER.

"FOR ONE NIGHT, SHE SUCKLES HER PUPS IN THIS CAVE, ONLY TO ABANDON THEM THE MORNING AFTER.

"TO TAKE UP HER ENDLESS CHASE ONCE AGAIN."

IT IS ON THIS NIGHT THAT THE GREATEST OF US-- SIX WARRIORS, WIZARDS, WITCHES AND WOODSMEN OF THE BLACK BILE-- ARE CHOSEN.

TO SET FORTH AND TAME A NYAZEN PUP.

ONLY *ONE* SHALL RETURN WITH AT LEAST ONE CHILD OF NYAZ IN TOW. OR NONE AT ALL, AND WE SHALL WAIT IN SHAME FOR SIXTEEN CYCLES YET.

WHO, THEN? WHO AMONG YOU SHALL MEET GLORY OR DEATH AS IS YOUR WANT?

I, *VARUEN*, BLADE-GUARD OF ETOR DERA. VICTOR OF THE LORD'S TRIALS AND WARRIOR OF THE BLACK BILE. *I* SHALL TAME THE OFFSPRING OF NYAZ.

AND I, *KILERETH*, ACOLYTE OF KORTAIN. WIZARD OF THE BLACK BILE. *I* SHALL BRING BACK THE PUPS.

I, *MORVEITA*, HUNTRESS OF THE BLACK BILE. *I* WILL DO THIS TASK.

AND I, *XETIEN*, SPEARMAN OF THE BLACK BILE!

I, *Y'DREIS*, WITCH-CROW. *I* SHALL DO THIS!

AND I...

ZEISTE?

YOU?

YES...I KNOW. I LACK A *HAND* TO WIELD A BROADSWORD'S HILT.

AND MY SPINE IS TOO *CROOKED* TO THROW A STRAIGHT SPEAR.

BUT I HAVE LEARNED TO STAND UP TALL AND HOLD MY OWN WITH A DAGGER YET.

MOST OF YOU TREAT ME AS IF I AM FILTH, BENEATH EVEN THE KINDNESS OF YOUR FEET.

THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE FOR A TASTE OF THE GLORY AND GREATNESS YOU SPEAK OF.

PERHAPS I WILL WIN AND RETURN TO YOUR ADORATION.

OR I WILL DIE, AND YOU WILL BE RID OF ME. AT LEAST I WILL BE FREE OF THIS EXISTENCE.

IS THERE A SIXTH WHO CLAIMS THIS RIGHT? IF SO, I WILL FIGHT THEM.

IF NOT, LET ME CLAIM MY PLACE, BLACK BILE!

VERY WELL... SO IT IS.

SIX HAVE COME FORTH. SIX HAVE SWORN.

"SIX WILL SET FORTH. SIX WILL SPILL THEIR BLOOD IN THE NAME OF THE BLACK BILE.

"ONE SHALL RETURN.

"OR NONE AT ALL."

EEEYAAAGHHHH!

TSK, TSK, TSK. I THINK YOU DROPPED SOMETHING, ELF.

YOU WILL NOT TAKE ME WITHOUT A FIGHT, DEMON!

AS YOU WISH.

AND THEN THERE WERE FIVE.

THIS MAKES NO SENSE.

YOU SAID WE WERE HERE TO KILL GODS, AND HERE WE ARE, HUNTING DOWN SOME ELF WHO'S BARELY A CHALLENGE.

SO IMPATIENT, KENNETH...

GRAND PLANS REQUIRE TIME, THE RIGHT IMPLEMENTS, PATIENCE

SURE...BUT WHAT PART OF THAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR HERE?

THE HOUND, KENNETH. WE'RE HERE FOR THE WOLF PUP.

YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE.

...YOU'LL HAVE TO EARN IT.

WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

"SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS AN ELF WITH ONE HAND AND A CROOKED BACK."

THINK YOU CAN HANDLE HIM FOR ME?

M-ME? I'VE...NEVER KILLED AN ELF BEFORE...

SHOULD BARELY BE A CHALLENGE, RIGHT?

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN FOREVER AND ETERNITY.

AND ONCE CARNAGE HAS FINISHED STEALING THESE ABILITIES...ALL THESE **POWERS**...ANY AMOUNT OF RESISTANCE THESE SO-CALLED HEROES PUT UP WILL BARELY PRESENT A CHALLENGE.

UNLESS YOU STOP HIM, OF COURSE.

WHY? WHY ME?

HAHAHA... IT'S NOT YOU, JONATHAN. IT'S **US**...DON'T YOU SEE?

I KNOW CARNAGE. I KNOW HOW THE SYMBIOTE THINKS BECAUSE IT THINKS LIKE ME.

BUT THE REAL CLETUS KASADY...HE WOULDN'T WHIZ ON THE WORLD IF IT WAS BURNING.

NO, HE'D POUR GAS ON THERE AND MAKE HIMSELF S'MORES.

BUT MY KNOWLEDGE TETHERED TO YOUR DAMN BLEEDING HEART?

NOW, THERE'S A HERO FOR THIS STORY, IF THERE EVER WAS ONE.

SO THAT IS WHY IT MUST BE US WHO STOP CARNAGE.

THAT IS WHY YOU MUST PREPARE YOURSELF.

AND THAT IS WHY POWERS GREATER THAN YOU OR ME WILL EVENTUALLY REACH INTO THIS VOID AND PLUCK YOU FROM IT.

LIKE IT OR NOT, JON SHAYDE, YOU ARE NOW AN AGENT OF DESTINIES FAR GREATER THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED.

I HATE YOU.

I KNOW, JON.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES THIS ALL SO MUCH BETTER!

WELCOME, JONATHAN SHAYDE... TO MY PARLOR.

...

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY THAT.

I'M SPIDERLING.

BUT YOU CAN CALL ME THE PATTERNMAKER.

I KNOW, I KNOW... YOU WERE EXPECTING SOME MANY-EYED SPIDER CREATURE WITH A COOL MASK AND A SPIDER BODY. AND YOU'RE JUST A COP FROM NEW YORK WHO WANDERED A ***LITTLE TOO FAR*** OFF THE EDGE.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME, SO YOU'LL NEED TO GET OVER IT.

SHE SURE DOES TALK A LOT, DOESN'T SHE? ALL THE ***SPIDER-TYPES*** DO

I'VE SENSED THAT FATES OF WHOLE WORLDS REST IN YOUR HANDS, JON SHAYDE.

WH-WHAT? I'M BARELY KEEPING IT TOGETHER JUST WRAPPING MY HEAD AROUND WHATEVER IS HAPPENING HERE.

WHAT DO ***I*** HAVE TO DO WITH THE FATES OF WHOLE WORLDS?

YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND THE SMALL END OF A VERY LONG ***THREAD***.

AND WHILE I'M STILL NEW TO ALL OF THIS, I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW THESE THREADS ALL WEAVE INTO EACH OTHER.

EVER SINCE THE ***WEB OF LIFE AND DESTINY*** WAS BLOWN UP, MY SPIDER-SENSE GOES ***HAYWIRE*** IN THIS CHAMBER. I'M TRYING TO PUT IT ALL BACK TOGETHER. WEAVE IT ALL AGAIN.

SOMETHING'S GONE REALLY WRONG HERE, JON.

EVERY TIME I TRY TO START PUTTING THIS PART OF THE WEB BACK TOGETHER...

...THIS IS WHAT I END UP WITH.

OOOOOH, THAT CAN'T BE GOOD AT ALL, JON.

OH, SHUT UP, CLETUS.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL OF IT YET, BUT I KNOW THIS. MY SPIDER-SENSE TELLS ME THAT A SMALL PART OF DESTINY HAS FALLEN IN THE HANDS OF A GOOD MAN.

IN *YOURS*, JON.

AND I'D BE A FOOL TO IGNORE IT.

"WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF MONSTERS HOLD THE REST?"

DAMMIT... WHERE DID YOU GO?

I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU...WATCHING *ME*, STRANGE CREATURE.

AND I'VE SEEN YOU CONSORTING WITH THE DEMON THAT HUNTS US.

I HAVE CAST A SPELL THAT WILL LET US UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. BUT I AM NO WIZARD AND I IMAGINE IT WILL ONLY LAST A LITTLE WHILE.

SO CHOOSE YOUR NEXT WORDS WISELY.

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT: ISSUE #5

ON SALE IN AUGUST

CARNAGE RULES, AND THE CRIMSON-CLAD CREATURE CRAVES YOUR LETTERS! SEND YOUR NOTES TO **SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM.** BE SURE TO MARK THEM **"OKAY TO PRINT"!** —TOM

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ZONE